782.8
B49c
186-

REPERTOIRE

OF THE

OPERETTA COMPANY,

No. 1.

CAUGHT AND CAGED;

Operetta in One Act.

THE WORDS BY

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

THE MUSIC BY

EMANUELE BILETTA.

COPYRIGHT.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

CHAPPELL AND CO. 49 AND 50 NEW BOND STREET.

THE WHOLE OF

THE MUSIC

IS PUBLISHED BY

CHAPPELL AND CO.

49 AND 50, NEW BOND STREET;

AND MAY BE HAD OF

ALL MUSICSELLERS.

REPERTOIRE

OF THE

OPERETTA COMPANY,

No. 1.

CAUGHT AND CAGED;

Operetta in One Act.

THE WORDS BY

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

THE MUSIC BY

EMANUELE BILETTA.

COPYRIGHT.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

CHAPPELL AND CO. 49 AND 50 NEW BOND STREET.

Dramatis Personæ.

Captain Barrington ....Mr. TENNANT.

Corporal Nahum Nimmo. .....Mr. J. G. PATEY.

Anne Hyde *(Duchess of York)*. ...Mme ENDERSSOHN.

Louisa Sydney (*her Maid of Honor*) Mrs. TENNANT.

Scene—*A Room in the Residence of the Duchess of York, at Richmond.*

Period.—*Reign of Charles II.*

6 –

CAUGHT AND CAGED!

OPERETTA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE. *A Saloon in the Residence of the Duchess at Richmond. Entrance*, C. F. R, *a window.* E. R. *a Door, opening upon a small Room in a Tower.* L, *Door leading to the private Apartments of the Duchess. Near the Window, Table with writing materials, &c. and a Sofa. Chairs* C. R. *and* L.

[*The* DUCHESS *is seated* C. R.]

INTRODUCTION.

DUCH. With anxious doubts my heart is cross'd!
In vain I seek the mind's repose!
'Twixt hopes and fears my soul is toss'd,
Till fate's decrees my lot disclose!
The game, is't done?
Is't lost or won?
In vain I strive to treat with scorn
The villain plot—the base intrigue,
When public voice my foes suborn,
And 'gainst my hopes their efforts league!
The game, is't done?
Is't lost or won?

[*Enter* LOUISA SYDNEY, C. D. *disguised as a country girl.*]

DUCH. 'Tis she! Your news? Ah, speak!
LOU. Your Highness, grant me breath!
DUCH. Oh, patience!
LOU. I am chok'd!
DUCH. Suspense will be my death!
Here, take my salts! [*Gives them from table.*]
LOU. Ah! thanks!
DUCH. Why thus so faint—so weak?
LOU. Emotion—trouble—nerves—I know not—
DUCH Speak! ah, speak!

[TREMOLO *in the Orchestra during the speaking.*]

LOU. When, by the orders of your Royal Highness, I left Richmond this morning, in this disguise, in order to gather news of what is passing, I still hoped our cause was not yet lost! But, on arriving in London, and mixing, as you had directed me, in the crowd before the Palace of Westminster, I found that public feeling was greatly exasperated against your august husband, the Duke of York!

DUCH. Oh, Heavens!

LOU. It was said, that, if Parliament hesitated to vote the Bill for his exclusion from the succession to the throne, popular clamour

would compel the measure. It was even rumoured, that his brother, our illustrious Monarch, Charles the Second, had been persuaded of his complicity in the last Catholic plot, and would be induced to order his arrest—perhaps your own? Those fearful words, "The Tower," sounded on my ears!

DUCH. Fatality! what more?

LOU. Nothing—nothing, at least not personal to myself.

DUCH. Speak out, I charge you.

BALLAD. LOUISA.

1. When faint with fear, in sore alarm,
I nigh had sunk upon the ground,
Around my form a pow'rful arm
My tott'ring frame to stay was wound.
Before me stood, in martial guise,
A goodly youth, so bold, so gay!
And, as he gaz'd into my eyes,
With gallant tone I heard him say,
"My pretty maid,
Be not afraid!"
I strove to chide—I would have flown—
But stood as one transform'd to stone!

2. He led my steps from all apart,
To where I bade the carriage wait,
Still murm'ring words, to which my heart
In strange alarm and trouble beat.
Perchance he thought that heart to quell
As conquest fair by Cupid's law:
But when, as breath'd a last farewell,
With wild amaze confused he saw
His humble maid,
No more afraid,
In gilded coach like fairy flown—
He stood as one transform'd to stone!

DUCH. What more, my girl? What more?

LOU. 'Tis all I can impart.

DUCH. But all is not yet lost!

LOU. (*Aside.*) Yes! lost perchance my heart!

DUCH. Then I'll to work once more! My carriage! I'll away!
The king himself I'll see! And yet we'll gain the day!

Ensemble.

DUCHESS.

Whate'er may betide,
Their arts I'll deride;
And, strong in my pride,
No weakness I'll show.
All sadness, away!
I'll courage display,
And all means essay
To baffle my foe!

LOUISA.

Whate'er may betide,
This love I'll deride,
And call on my pride
No weakness to show.
Such folly, away!
I'll courage display,
And all means essay
To baffle the foe!

Noise without.]

DUCH. That noise?
LOU. (*at window*, R.) See! armed troops surround the garden wall!
DUCH. Arrested! I! But ne'er within their pow'r I'll fall!

Ensemble (*repeated*).

DUCHESS.	LOUISA:
Whate'er may betide,	Whate'er may betide,
Their plots to deride,	Their plots to deride,
I'll conquer my pride,	Forgetting all pride,
And artifice show.	Let's artifice show.
Come! let us away;	We quick must away!
By counterplot gay	By counterplot gay
I still may essay	We still may essay
To 'scape from my foe!	To 'scape from the foe!

LOU. (*up at* C. D.) They come! they come! No longer stay!
DUCH. I have a plan. Away!
LOU. Away!

[*The* DUCHESS *and* LOUISA *hurry out*, L. H. D. *At the same moment* CORPORAL NAHUM NIMMO *appears at* C. D.

CORP. (*putting in his head at the door.*) Brou!! (*Advancing into the room and making the gesture of firing a gun towards* L. D. Bang!!

[*Enter* CAPTAIN BARRINGTON, C. D.]

CAPT. Corporal Nimmo, what are you doing there, Sir?
CORP. Pardon, Captain! taking aim at two pretty birds!
CAPT. And you've brought them down?
CORP. Pardon, Captain! just missed them—
CAPT. Awkward rascal!
CORP. Pardon, Captain! wild birds! took to the wing before I got within range.
CAPT. Flew away?
CORP. Off to nest, I take it.
CAPT. Which way?
CORP. Corporal Nahum Nimmo is not such a sorry sportsman—marked them down, Captain—(*Points to* L. D.) There!
CAPT. Our very game, perhaps! (*Runs to* L. D.) Locked! Confound it! Just beat the cover yonder. [CORPORAL *enters the room* R]. The house is surrounded on all sides. The game cannot escape. [CORPORAL *returns.*] Well? what have you found?
CORP. Not a feather! cover bare!
CAPT. What did it look like?
CORP. A small tower chamber without issue—a sort of oratory.
CAPT. No door to the cage on that side?
CORP. Not a loophole.
CAPT. Good! Then I'll take up my post here, and have an eye on yonder nest (*pointing to* L), [*goes up to* C. D. *and speaks off.*]

Two sentinels in the gallery! the grand staircase guarded! [*comes down.*] Confound the service! Ordered to arrest, and keep prisoner in her own house, a *woman!* because the government fears her bold manœuvering and her spirit of intrigue, in a crisis on which her husband's fate and her own ambitious views depend.

CORP. Bless the petticoats! One wouldn't do them any harm! Now if I had got such a dove in a cage, I would—

CAPT. You'd—what, Mr. Corporal?

CORP. Pardon, Captain! Nothing to do with the service—a personal matter entirely.

CAPT. Sent off to Richmond too, just when I would have given my sword and baldrick to have remained in town! (*Walking up and down in agitation.*) What a charming adventure! [*Melody of* LOUISA'S *ballad in the orchestra.*] The sweetest, prettiest girl, who trembled in my arms! who accepted my escort to the park! who looked at me kindly even amidst her blushes! I thought my conquest all secure! I never once heeded the blazoned coach that stood by Rosamond's pond! When—all at once—the steps were lowered—my little burgher lass sprang in—Drive off, coachman! And there I stood gaping like a fool at Bartlemy Fair! [*Music ceases.*]

CORP. Ha! ha! ha! I think I can see you now—like a fool! ha! ha! ha!

CAPT. Fellow!

CORP. Pardon, Captain! Took the word of order from my superior officer!

CAPT. But I am not to be thus mystified. On my return from this odious duty, I'll hunt all London through for my phantom beauty. You shall help me, Corporal!

CORP. Pardon, Captain! I should not know her. I certainly did see you with your arm about the girl's waist. But I couldn't distinguish her features—all the less, because she turned her back. Oh! if I had but seen her darling pretty little face, I would have—

CAPT. You'd have—what? Eh, Corporal?

CORP. Pardon, Captain! nothing to do with the service—another personal matter entirely.

CAPT. Hollo, Corporal! all Puritan soldier as you once were, I suspect you have no little leaven of the reprobate in that carcase of yours. But have a care. We are here in the midst of courtly dames and silken robes.

CORP. Oh, the silken robes and the soft satins! If I had but one within my grasp, I would—

CAPT. You would—what? eh, Corporal?

CORP. Pardon, Captain! another personal matter entirely. Not that I ever touched a silken robe—never—seeing my characteristic bashfulness and my principles.

CAPT. (*throwing himself upon the sofa.*) Ha! ha! ha! *Your* principles!

CORP. Yes, Captain—my principles!

SONG—Corporal.

A man's but a man,
Do whatever he can.
  Woman's made,
  The dear jade,
His poor heart to trepan.
Thus I stagger—I start—
Pit-a-pat goes my heart,
  When I spy,
  Coming nigh,
A fair damsel so smart.
And in silken array,
When a form comes my way,
  And a gleam
  Of love's beam
In her eyes there will play,
Comes a daze in my sight,
And my blood boils outright—
  And I would,
  If I could—
But that's personal, quite.
That's personal to me
  You see,
That's personal to me.

But no—but no—but no—

With stern resolve as armour clad,
  The evil one I put to rout;
And firm, 'gainst all the Pow'rs of Bad,
  With bold "avaunt" defiance shout.
    Yet—yet—yet—
  Yet a man's but a man,
  Do whatever he can—
    &c. &c. (*Da Capo.*)

Capt. But, hark! I hear a stealthy step yonder. Some one comes. (*springs up.*) Attention!

Corp. Now to bring down our birds (*makes gesture of shooting*).

Capt. No, go and see that my orders are executed.

Corp. Come, that's not fair play; he wants to bag all the game for himself. [*Exit* C. D.]

[*Enter* Louisa Sydney, *handsomely dressed*, L. H.]

Capt. Ah! ha! fine feathers! a bird of tip-top plumage! The fowler must spread his softest nets here. (*Bows.*) Madam.

Lou. (*embarrassed and trembling, but assuming an air of authority.*) What, Sir, is the meaning of this outrage? Have you no fears of my resentment? (*aside.*) I tremble in every limb.

Capt. (*bowing.*) Madam! superior orders! (*aside.*) I feel uncommonly awkward.

Lou. My house surrounded by armed men! (*aside.*) I shall never go through with the deception.

Capt. (*aside.*) *Her* house! the Duchess herself! I feel more

awkward than ever! (*aloud, still bowing.*) I—I—have orders to arrest—

LOU. Arrest me! me, the Duchess of York! (*aside.*) I have done it now!

CAPT. (*aside.*) Courage! (*aloud.*) Yes, your Royal Highness, in your Royal Highness's own proper person—(*lifts his eyes to her*), [*a few bars of* LOUISA'S *ballad in the orchestra.*] Oh! (*aside*) may I die on the spot, if it isn't my damsel!

LOU. Reasons of state! what reasons can—(*looking at him.*) Oh! (*aside*) good Heavens! my young officer of this morning!

CAPT. (*stammering.*) Madam!

LOU. (*agitated.*) Sir!

CAPT. (*aside.*) I'm dumb-foundered!

LOU. (*aside.*) I'm petrified! [*Music ceases.*]

[*Enter the* DUCHESS, *hastily*, L. H.]

DUCH. Soldiers at every issue! (*seeing* CAPTAIN.) Ah!

LOU. Why this alarm, Miss Sydney? (*to* CAPTAIN.) One of my Maids of Honour, Sir! [CAPTAIN *bows.*] (*To* DUCHESS.) Restrain yourself!

DUCH. But—but—

LOU. (*markedly.*) Restrain yourself, I beg of you. (*To* CAPTAIN.) Your orders, Sir!

CAPT. Madam! (*aside.*) Oh! it is she! (*aloud.*) Your Royal Highness! (*aside.*) There's not a particle of doubt! (*aloud.*) My orders are to keep your Royal Highness prisoner until the Bill of Exclusion shall have passed the House, and not to leave you one moment out of my sight. (*Aside.*) Less than ever now!

DUCH. But, Sir—by what right?

LOU. (*to* DUCHESS.) Your zeal outruns your respect. Be silent!

[*Enter* CORPORAL NAHUM NIMMO, C. D.]

CORP. Captain! wherever I have found a petticoat, I've placed a man.

CAPT. Good.

DUCH. This indignity! but, I—

LOU. (*to* DUCHESS.) Again? [*The* DUCHESS *checks herself.*]

CORP. Further instructions from the Minister, Captain. (*gives despatch.*]

CAPT. (*to* LOUISA.) Your Royal Highness will permit me—

LOU. It seems you are the master, Sir. [CAPTAIN *reads.*]

CORP. What magnificent women! all in silks and satins, too! [*salutes the ladies.*] that taller one in particular—She is a splendid woman! Oh! wouldn't I, if I could—[*Approaches* DUCHESS, *who looks at him with pride and indignation, and passes to* L.] But I can't (*whistles*). Wheugh! if her eyes had been pistols, there'd have been an end of Corporal Nimmo.

DUCH. (*to* LOUISA.) Detain the officer here till I find means to escape.

LOU. I will.

CORP. Now they are whispering. Twit-twit-twit—(*imitates birds*).

DUCH. (*as before.*) A signal shall inform you when all is ready.

LOU. What signal?

DUCH. A note thrown through the window of yonder oratory.

CORP. (*to* CAPTAIN.) They are colloguing together—twit-twit—[*The* CAPTAIN *looks up.*]

LOU. (*to* DUCHESS.) Hush! we are observed! (*to* CAPTAIN.) If your reasons of state render *my* detention necessary, at all events you will allow my ladies to be free.

CAPT. As far as the range of the house goes.

LOU. (*apart to* DUCHESS.) Your Highness may thus escape.

DUCH. (*apart to her*). Everything shall be done.

CORP. They are twit-twit-twitting again.

LOU. (*aloud to* DUCHESS). Miss Sydney, you may withdraw.

DUCH. (*courtseying*). Madam, I obey your orders.

CAPT. Corporal, you may go.

CORP. I'm off, Captain. (*aside, going up, looking at* DUCHESS.) She is a splendid woman. Oh! if I could— [DUCHESS *looks at* CORPORAL *with indignation, and exit*, L.] Another dead shot! But she *is* a splendid woman! [*Exit* C. D.]

LOU. (*aside, embarrassed*). I hope the signal won't be long before it comes; for, this morning, my officer went to the charge, quick march!

CAPT. (*aside, embarrassed*). The Royal Highness makes all the difference. I liked her far better this morning in her stuff kirtle.

[*Their eyes meet. They turn away again hastily.*]

LOU. (*aside*). If I could but put on the proud airs of the Duchess.

CAPT. (*aside.*) If I could but feel a little less like a simple recruit.

[*Their eyes meet again. They turn away as before.*]

CAPT. Ahem! Your Royal Highness.

LOU. Captain!

CAPT. (*bowing*). Captain Basil Barrington, at your service.

LOU. (*aside*). Ah! his name is Basil.

CAPT. How shall I ever hope to be forgiven my audacity of this morning?

LOU. Say rather your politeness.

CAPT. (*aside*). Oh, Oh! She calls such a squeeze of the waist politeness—does she?

LOU. To be sure, you did not exactly treat me with the respect due to a Royal Highness.

CAPT. (*aside*). No, not exactly!

LOU. But how could you divine that the Duchess of York had assumed so humble a disguise, in order to discover, by her own observation, what were the feelings of the populace—perhaps gain over partisans?

CAPT. There was one partisan your Highness gained at once by that grace—that charm—that fascination—(*approaching*).

LOU. Sir! (*aside*). The signal is a long time coming. (*aloud*). And were I to endeavour to pursue my conquest— ?

CAPT. You would have gained the victory already. When I venture to gaze upon those lovely eyes, I feel—(*approaches*).

LOU. Sir! (*aside.*) Decidedly, the signal is a long time coming.

CAPT. (*aside.*) Gadslife! if she were not a Duchess!

LOU. So then, you are no longer my enemy.

CAPT. Your enemy, madam! Who could be, who has once seen you?

LOU. And you would allow my escape?

CAPT. That would be too great an effort of abnegation; for then I should have to remain here alone.

LOU. (*with vexation*). So then, in spite of your protestations, I am still your prisoner.

CAPT. Act, madam, as if I were yours.

LOU. Ah!

DUET.

LOU. When, caught and cag'd, the flutt'ring dove
Sees clos'd for aye it's prison gate,
And lost its realm in sky above,
It pining droops, and mourns its fate!

CAPT. When, caught and cag'd, like flutt'ring dove,
The heart, once free, has found its mate,
Content it greets its gaoler Love,
Nor hopes release, nor mourns its fate!

(*Ensemble.*)

CAPT. Your prisoner, you see, am I.

LOU. Then I am free.

CAPT. But if you fly,
Your prisoner must follow you,
And, where you go, must still pursue.

LOU. What game call you this mocking farce?

CAPT. We play a game of "Prison Bars."

LOU. You make me laugh.
See! you are gay.

LOU. No! Freedom you have torn away.

(*Ensemble, da capo.*)

LOU. When, caught and cag'd, the flutt'ring dove,
&c. &c. (*Da capo.*)

CAPT. When, caught and cag'd, like flutt'ring dove,
&c. &c. (*Da capo.*)

(*At the end of the Duet, noise of a broken window in room* R.)

LOU. (*aside*). The signal in the oratory! I go! (*crosses* R.)

CAPT. Madam! (*following*).

LOU. I forbid you to follow me, sir. Not one step, I command [*exit* R. D.]

CAPT. Ah! But no matter! There is no issue from that tower chamber. What a charming woman it is! Just the woman I could have fallen in love with! And faith, I'm afraid I've done it already! But a duchess! I were a fool to think more of her; and yet in the heart of just such a woman as that I might have found life's real happiness.

BALLAD. CAPTAIN.

1. 'Tis woman's love alone makes dear
The lonely home.
'Tis woman's love alone can cheer
The wanderer's doom.
From reckless man, forlorn, alone,
All joys depart,
Without that best and greatest boon,
A woman's heart.

2. 'Tis woman's smile that beams a light
O'er darkest lot;
'Tis woman's smile illumes the night
Where hope shines not.
When broken all the ties of earth,
That joy impart,
Old feelings lost will find new birth
In woman's heart.

[*Enter* CORPORAL NAHUM NIMMO, C. D.]

CAPT. Who's there?

CORP. Pardon, Captain!

CAPT. Ah! 'tis you, Corporal! What do you want?

CORP. Pardon, Captain! I have effected an important capture! Two important captures!! Three important captures!!!

CAPT. What do you mean?

CORP. Pardon, Captain! I found, in a back court, a coach all ready to be off. "Ah, ha!" said I to myself, "Madam James is going to bolt!"

CAPT. Fellow! Speak of the Duchess with more respect!

CORP. Pardon, Captain! It's a way we had in the old Roundhead times! So I had the coach locked up in the coach-house, horses, lacqueys, and all! Only it seems there was a little parchment-faced old fellow inside the coach, a sort of head-footman——

CAPT. The Chamberlain of the Duchess, doubtless! And you've locked him up, too?

CORP. Well, Captain! There's fodder enough in the manger for them all!

CAPT. (*laughing.*) Go on, Corporal!

CORP. Old parchment-face, when he was caught, wanted to conceal something about his person. That looked suspicious. So I made a prize of that, too; and I've brought it to you, Captain. It's nothing but a little case. But they cram plots into nutshells now-a-days——

CAPT. Give it here! (*takes case and opens it.*) What's this? A portrait set in diamonds! Ah! 'tis a cheat!

CORP. The diamonds?

CAPT. No, blockhead! The portrait! (*to himself.*) This inscription in the case! "Anne, Duchess of York, to her faithful chamberlain, Sir Jeremiah Jenkins." It is not she! There's not a trace of resemblance. She's no Duchess after all!

[*Enter* DUCHESS, *hastily*, L.]

DUCH. Unheard of insolence! (*aside*) Just as I was about to escape!

CORP. There's the lady's maid again! She's certainly a splendid woman!

CAPT. Madam! (*coming up to the* DUCHESS). Ah! (*aside*) What do I see? (*looking at portrait again.*) 'Tis she, the real Duchess!

DUCH. (*boiling with rage*). By what right, sir, have your men had the audacity to lay hands upon a carriage, servants, horses?

CORP. And old parchment-face into the bargain.

DUCH. (*proudly*). I await your answer, sir!

[*Enter* LOUISA SYDNEY, R.)

LOU. What does this mean?

DUCH. (*going to her*). Ah, Louisa! I would say, your royal highness—

CAPT. (*aside*). Louisa! She is called Louisa!

DUCH. I ask, who has dared to lay hands on——

CORP. (*advancing*). It was I, my beauty.

DUCH. Insolent varlet! (*Gives him a slap on the face.*)

CORP. Hollo, abigail! 'Tis you lay hands on——

CAPT. Silence!

CORP. 'Twasn't I who did it! (*aside*). What a fist she has got! But she's a splendid woman for all that!

DUCH. (*to* CAPTAIN.) You, sir, never can have given such an order. It could only have been a piece of insolence on the part of such a pitiful wretch as this. (*points to* CORPORAL.)

CORP. Don't call names, my dove! [*The* DUCHESS *turns upon him. He gets out of the way.*]

DUCH. Political intrigues may have induced my—that is, the Duchess's detention; but such low persecution could emanate only from the besotted brain of a base soldier!

CORP. No! the soldier is always gallant, pretty bird! [*business as before*].

LOU. (*to* DUCHESS). Calm yourself, madam! (*to* CAPTAIN). Is all my household, sir, to consider itself under arrest?

CAPT. Such are my orders, your Royal Highness. (*aside.*) Oh, I feel more at ease with her now.

DUCH. (*low to* LOUISA.) But all is lost!

LOU. (*low to* DUCHESS.) Not yet, I hope.

CORP. There they are, twit-twitting again!

CAPT. And, under the circumstances, your Royal Highness——

DUCH. (*proudly*). Sir!

CAPT. I beg to observe, madam, that I addressed her Royal Highness——

LOU. Certainly.

CAPT. (*aside.*) What pains the poor things are taking to deceive nobody at all. (*aloud.*) I have instructions to send to the lieutenant commanding the detachment at the entrance of the town.

LOU. In that chamber (*pointing* R.) you will find writing materials.

CAPT. My humble thanks. During my absence, Corporal, you will keep strict watch upon these ladies. Your post at that door (*points* C.D). But, remember, all due respect.

CORP. Said and done, Captain; all due respect! (*aside, going up.*) Only wouldn't I, if I could.—(*he goes out* C.D. *and appears, during the Trio, walking up and down in the gallery.*)

TRIO.

CAPT. What visions now from hope arise!
No Duchess is the charming maid.
DUCH. (*to* LOU.) A bright thought flashes in your eyes!
You hope?
LOU. (*to* DUCH.) Ah, no, I'm sore afraid!
DUCH. But say, what is it you propose?
LOU Anon my project I'll disclose.

(*Ensemble.*)

(*aside.*) Alas! I'm sore afraid!
DUCH. 'Tis hopeless, I'm afraid.
CAPT. No Duchess is the maid!

(*Ensemble.*)

CAPT. Now beats my heart with hope once more,
And gone is all my fear!
The lovely maid, whom I adore,
In rank to me stands near.
To passion's true and ardent flame
Unfetter'd yield may she;
For now my hand, rank, fortune, name,
To offer her I'm free.
DUCH. Vain would I scorn all fear!
Lost is all! no hope is near!
To what pray'r now yield will he?
Where the pow'r to set me free?
LOU. Vain would I now scorn all fear!
Weak am I, when he is near!
To my pray'r, ah! yield will he?
Where my pow'r, with heart not free?

[*At the conclusion of the Trio, the* CAPTAIN *bows to the Ladies, and exit* R. D. *The* CORPORAL *reappears inside the room,* C. D.]

DUCH. (*watching the* CAPTAIN *out.*) Gone! but we are still guarded by that rude soldier (*looking towards* CORPORAL). Oh! would that I could have him shot!

CORP. (*coming down a little.*) What did you say, my treasure?

DUCH. To your post, fellow! to your post!

CORP. (*going up.*) What airs these ladies'-maids do give themselves.

DUCH. (*to* LOUISA). Impossible to escape now!

LOU. There is still a way, perhaps. Your Royal Highness is not aware that the young officer, who offered me his arm this morning, and was so—so—no matter what—is the very man.

DUCH. The Captain?

LOU. The Captain!

CORP. They are at their confounded "twit—twit—twit" again (*approaches*).

LOU. Hush! we are observed!

DUCH. (*turning.*) To your post, fellow! to your post!

CORP. (*going up again.*) That woman commands like a general officer.

DUCH. (*to* LOUISA.) Well?

LOU. He seems inclined to be gallant, even tender; and, perhaps, by the influence I seem to have gained over his heart—(*hesitating*) I mean his mind—I might—

DUCH. Seduce him from his duty?

LOU. No! obtain permission from him to allow one of my ladies to return to London, and that lady—

DUCH. Would be myself—I see—capital!

CORP. I don't like this "twit-twit-twit" at all (*advances*).

DUCH. To your post, fellow! to your post!

CORP. Oh! wouldn't I if I could; but I can't.

DUCH. But we must await the officer's return!

AIR. DUCHESS.

Meanwhile each moment seems an age:
And with impatient rage,
Thus, held within their toils,
My fever'd spirit boils.
While fortune, name, a future crown,
By daring hands, as stakes are play'd,
Must I renounce my fair renown,
By foes beset, by all betray'd?
In vision'd hope, behold! a throne
Looms through the mist of coming years!
Yet must I still a captive groan,
And vainly chafe in angry tears!
My shameful bonds how break,
A just revenge to take?
Oh! were I but a man,
To act and not to plan!
With sword in hand,
And gallant band,
I'd rule the land,
And win my crown!
By valour's right
I'd dare the fight,
Till pow'r and might
Were all my own!
No force should check
My wild career;
I'd heed no beck—
No pow'r I'd fear!
No, no!
With sword in hand;
&c. &c. (*da capo.*)

[*Enter* CAPTAIN BARRINGTON *with despatch*, R. H.]

LOU. 'Tis he!

DUCH. Hush! we are not supposed to see him.

CAPT. (*to* CORPORAL, *giving him the paper.*) This to be sent to the Lieutenant. Well, what do you report?

CORP. The birds have been twit-twitting more than ever—particularly the taller one. That's a splendid animal!

CAPT. Never fear. Their siren chirping won't cajole me.

DUCH. (*pretending not to see* CAPTAIN, *and courtseying to* LOUISA.) Allow me to remind your Royal Highness that my father is dangerously ill in London.

LOU. I will see what can be done. (*Pretending to see* CAPTAIN.) Ah, Captain! I shall be glad to exchange a few words with you.

CAPT. (*bowing.*) Madam! (*aside*) They've some plot in hand.

LOU. (*to* DUCHESS.) Leave us, Miss Sydney (DUCHESS *courtsies, going*).

CAPT. Corporal! you'll not leave that lady one moment out of your sight.

CORP. (*saluting*) Said and done! (*aside*) I've an idea that I shall come to a hand-to-hand skirmish with the lady's maid! (*aloud to* DUCHESS) I follow you, my angel.

DUCH. (*turning at the door.*) Fellow! (*exit* C. D.)

CORP. Oh, she's a splendid woman! (*exit after* DUCHESS, C. D.)

LOU. (*aside, seating herself on the sofa.*) How begin, after the indignant manner in which I quitted him?

CAPT. (*aside.*) Not a Duchess! I'll be even with her now!

LOU. You seem very strict in the execution of your orders, Captain.

CAPT. A soldier's duty (*pauses, then adds*), Duchess.

LOU. Be seated, I beg of you (*points to a chair near her*).

CAPT. Since your Highness commands (*sits on the other side of the stage*).

LOU. (*smiling.*) Oh! at such a distance!

CAPT. Your Highness has taugbt me the distance that lies between us. (*aside*) She wants to ask a favour, let her come to me (*half turns his back*).

LOU. It seems, you bear me malice. (*aside*) How am I to seduce a man who neither speaks or looks? (*aloud, rising*) Captain Barrington! (*advances*)

CAPT. (*aside.*) I thought she'd come.

LOU. (*embarrassed.*) Captain, I have a favour to ask.

CAPT. (*aside.*) I said so.

LOU. You will not, I am sure, refuse me.

CAPT. Were you but a charming woman, full of grace and sweetness, could I answer for my power of resistance? But you are a Duchess! The simple woman might fascinate me with a gentle look (LOUISA *looks at him*)—might soften with a smile (LOUISA *smiles at him*)—might deign to take my hand (*tries to take the hand of* LOUISA. *she withdraws it*)—but no! you see you are a Duchess! (*Goes away from her, and turns his back again*).

LOU. (*aside.*) It must be done. (*Aloud, coming to him.*) Captain!

CAPT. (*aside.*) Ah, ha! She's coming again!

LOU. But cannot you, for once, imagine I am no Duchess—nothing but the simple woman?

CAPT. That's not so easy. The simple woman, had she a favour to ask, would give me her hand (LOUISA *gives her hand, turning away*)—both her hands (LOUISA *gives both*)—she would look me in the face (LOUISA *looks him in the face*)—and she would say, "My good friend."

LOU. My good friend.

CAP. (*cajolingly.*) Will you do me a little favour?

LOU. (*imitating his manner.*) Will you do me a little favour?

CAP. (*after a pause.*) Go on!

LOU. I can't! I tremble so!

CAPT. Be seated, I entreat you (*Leads her to the sofa and sits by her*).

LOU. Sir!

CAPT. Oh! you are not a Duchess now, you know. You are a simple woman.

LOU. (*aside.*) I feel it but too well.

CAPT. Now then, this little favour?

LOU. I want permission for one of my ladies to return to London.

CAPT. What is her name?

LOU. (*hesitating.*) Her name?

CAPT. Surely, you know her name?

LOU. Of course! Louisa Sydney.

CAPT. (*tenderly*). Louisa—Louisa! 'Tis a name I cherish.

LOU. (*embarrassed, trying to laugh*). Indeed! But come, here are pen, ink, and paper. Will you not write the permission?

CAPT. (*takes up pen—hesitates.*) Not yet. (*Puts down the pen, and trying to put his arm round her waist.*)

LOU. Not yet! ah! (*She rises and comes* L.)

CAPT. (*rising aud following her.*) No! for I will be frank! I am ready to yield all to the entreaty of that dear voice, and yet—and yet—I know 'tis the means of evasion for the Duchess of York that you demand.

LOU. The Duchess, Sir!

CAPT. The Duchess is not you.

LOU. Who told you so?

CAPT. (*showing portrait.*) This portrait! (LOUISA *hides her face in her hand.*) [*Melody of Louisa's ballad in the orchestra.*] No, you are not the Duchess! but you are she who, this morning, trembled in my arms—she, whom I swore to love—she, for whom I would sacrifice my life! Say but the word, and that life is sacrificed.

LOU. (*looking up.*) Your life!

CAPT. Yes! For, in giving this permission, I betray my duty as an officer. I shall be arrested, tried, shot! But no matter. (*Has gone to the table, and taken up the pen.*)

LOU. (*snatching the pen from him*) Never! [*music ceases.*]

CAPT. Ah!

LOU. You! die for me! Oh no, oh no!

CAPT. Those words! my life then is so dear to you!

LOU. Oh! Ask me no more. I have already said too much (*she sinks on a chair*).

CAPT. (*kneeling at her feet.*) Ah! can I believe my senses? You love me. (*kisses her hand)*

LOU. Leave me, some one comes! (*she springs up*) Ah! what have I done? (*she rushes into the room*, R.)

CAPT. She loves me! (*Is about to follow* LOUISA, *when enter the* DUCHESS, C. D.) Oh! confound the Duchess!

DUCH. A courier has just entered the court with despatches. I am all impatience! Receive them, Sir, and communicate to me the contents.

[*Enter* CORPORAL NAHUM NIMMO, C. D.]

CORP. Ah, ha! There's my fly-away bird.

CAPT. (*to* CORPORAL.) You watch that lady!

CORP. Oh! you may trust Corporal Nimmo for that!

CAPT. (*going.*) Ah! she loves me (*exit hastily*, C. D.)

CORP. (*advancing on the* DUCHESS.) So I've caught you again, my precious! (*Tries to take her round the waist.*)

DUCH. Stand back, miscreant! I am the Duchess of York!

CORP. You the Duchess, oh! oh! come, that won't do for me!

DUET. DUCHESS AND CORPORAL.

CORP. My treasure, you cannot deceive me!
DUCH. The Duchess, the Duchess am I.
CORP. Pooh, nonsense!
DUCH. Vile fellow, go, leave me!
CORP. Your artifice I can espy.
DUCH. That I am the Duchess, believe me;
The truth of my words you'll descry
When shot!
CORP. Oh! my darling, you grieve me;
We soldiers such tricks can defy.
So, my beauty, a kiss
For your gaoler.
DUCH. Take this! (*slaps his face.*)
CORP. Oh, oh, oh! my fair miss!
Oh!—

Ensemble.

DUCHESS.	CORPORAL.
I'm choking with rage!	She's choking with rage,
My wrath to assuage,	My bird in her cage,
The wretch, I engage,	And battle would wage
As traitor shall fall!	In desparate brawl!
My foes I'll o'erturn;	To the siege I'll return,
And then he shall learn,	And then she shall learn
My anger can burn	How boldly I spurn
On him as on all.	Her tricks, one and all.

DUCH. This insolence dearly you'll pay me.
CORP. You'll pay me those slaps on the face.

DUCH. The scaffold!
CORP. Oh! you'll not dismay me,
My lady's maid, acting her Grace.
DUCH. In vain soon for mercy you'll pray me.
CORP. So coy are you (*advances on her*).
DUCH. Villain, give place!
CORP. A kiss, dear, you shall not gainsay me;
A soldier be proud to embrace!
All your nonsense is vain!
DUCH. Can I longer refrain? (*tries to box his ears*)
CORP. (*avoiding her.*) No, no, no! not again!
No!

Ensemble repeated.

DUCHESS.	CORPORAL.
I'm choking with rage,	She's choking with rage,
&c. &c.	*&c. &c.*

[*At the conclusion of the Duet, the* CORPORAL *advances again upon the* DUCHESS, *who cries,* "Help! within there! help!" CAPTAIN BARRINGTON *enters,* C. D. *with a despatch in his hand.* LOUISA SYDNEY *enters,* R. D. *hastily.*]

CAPT. What does all this mean?
LOU. This outcry! (*Runs to* DUCHESS.) Ah! Madam!
CAPT. Corporal, you seem to have a monstrous desire to have yourself tried by a court martial and shot.
CORP. (*going up, grumbling.*) Here's a fuss to make about a squalling lady's maid! though, I must say, she's a splendid woman.
DUCH. This outrage shall be severely punished.
CAPT. First, Madam, let me assure you that her Royal Highness the Duchess of York is free.
DUCH. and LOU. (*together.*) Free!
CAPT. Yes! this despatch informs me that her august husband, the Duke of York, to avoid all appearance of resisting the will of the nation, has left England for Brussels, whither she has permission to follow him.
DUCH. For the present all is lost! well then! farewell, England, and to Brussels! (*to* CAPTAIN.) Let your orders be given, Sir, for my free and unfettered egress.
CAPT. Yours, Madam?
DUCH. Mine! 'Tis I who am the Duchess of York.
CAPT. No, no, pardon me! *You* are not the Duchess.
CORP. (*apart.*) Of course not; who'd ever take her for a Duchess?
DUCH. But I protest, Sir—
CAPT. (*going to* LOUISA.) There is but one Princess here, before whom I bow; and this is she.
CORP. (*apart.*) I said so!
DUCH. Miss Sydney, inform the gentleman that he is mistaken, that I am the Duchess.
CAPT. (*checking* LOUISA). I am not to be thus duped.
CORP. No, we are not to be thus duped.

DUCH. They are determined to make me suffocate with anger.

CAPT. *(pressing the hand of* LOU. *apart.)* Your Royal Highness will be allowed to depart, but alone, and escorted by me. (*Aside to* LOUISA.) Silence, I entreat you! (*Aloud.*) Such are my orders.

DUCH. Take care, Sir, how you prolong this insulting error.

CAPT. An error, if so it be, into which your wiles have led me.

DUCH. *(abashed.)* 'Tis true.

CAPT. And you must see, Madam, that, after all that has passed, I must have some more convincing proof.

FINALE.

DUCH. What proof do you require?
I yield to your desire.
CAPT. (*to* LOU.) If a simple maid, not Duchess, thou,
The proof impart!
Accept my true and faithful vow,
My hand and heart.
(*To* DUCHESS.) If Duchess you, consent to crown my bliss,
And grant this boon.
DUCH. Louisa, how is this?
LOU. The captive's fate the goaler must decide.
DUCH. Is't so? From me then, Captain, take your bride.
Be that the proof.
CAPT. In you the Duchess now
I recognize, as thus the knee I bow! (*kneels*
CORP. The Duchess! and t'other is not!
As sure as a gun, then, I'm shot!
CAPT. (*to* CORP.) For you I'll plead.
CORP. (*aside.*) To think my father's son
A Duchess hugg'd, and such a splendid one
Oh! I would
If I could;
But I can't,
So I sha'n't!
DUCH. (*to* LOU.) Then me you follow not.
LOU. Alas! as wife;
I'm once more caught and cag'd.
CAPT. And now for life!
All. Happy the pair
Who can forswear
Joys of liberty,
Though in love's cage,
Clos'd for all age,
Caught and cag'd they be!
Mutual love
Seeks not to rove,
Cares not to be free;
Clipp'd though its wing,
Still it can sing,
Merrily, merrily.

THE END.

PRINTED BY J. MALLETT, WARDOUR STREET, SOHO.

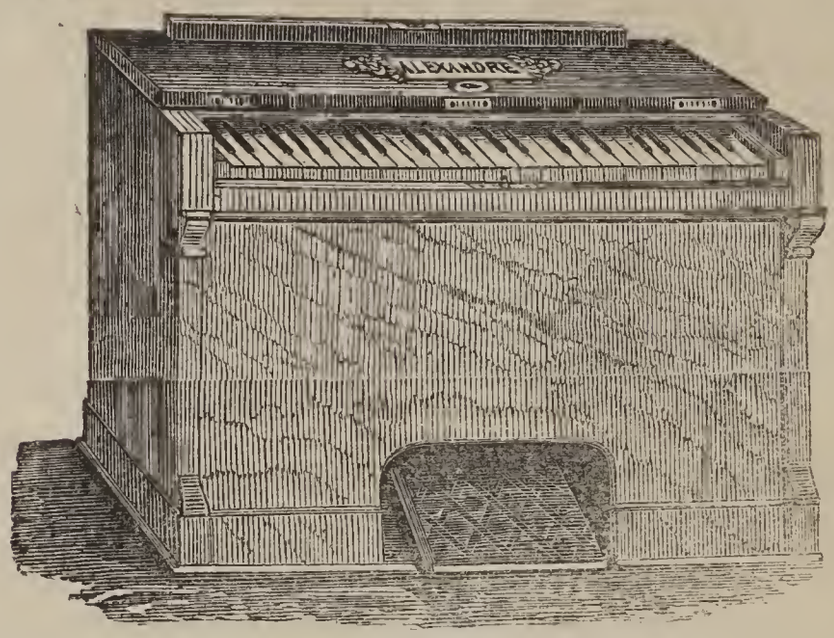
THE

ALEXANDRE HARMONIUM

AT SIX GUINEAS.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND:

CHAPPELL & Co. 50, New Bond Street, London.



In Oak Case; Compass Four Octaves, F to F; Size 2 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft 2 in; Height 2 ft. 6 in.
Or in highly Polished Oak or Mahogany Case, Price £7 7s.

N.B. PACKING CASE AND CARRIAGE EXTRA.

This Harmonium has been made at the lowest price possible; but without sacrificing the mellowness of tone, and other improvements which have rendered the Alexandre Harmonium pre-eminent. The power is considerable, enough for a very large School Room; at the same time it can be modified to suit the smallest rooms.

The Four-octave Harmonium will be found admirable as an

ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE

VOICE OR PIANOFORTE IN PRIVATE ROOMS,

INVALUABLE FOR SINGING CLASSES,

AND

INDISPENSABLE TO THE SCHOOL ROOM.

It may be even used in Chapels; but for this purpose the larger Instruments are recommended.

If desired, the Six-Guinea Harmonium will be exchanged for any of the larger Instruments any time within six months of the purchase, *without deduction from the original cost.*

Full descriptive lists of the various Harmoniums will be sent, on application to

CHAPPELL and Co. 50, NEW BOND STREET,

AND

13, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE,

LONDON.

CHAPPELL'S

SERIES OF

POPULAR AND INSTRUCTIVE MUSIC BOOKS,

FOR VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS,

PRICE EIGHTEEN PENCE EACH.

Violin.

CHAPPELL'S One Hundred Dances for the Violin. (Including some of the most popular Quadrilles, Polkas, Galops, &c. of Charles D'Albert.)

CHAPPELL'S One Hundred Operatic Melodies for the Violin.

CHAPPELL'S One Hundred Popular Songs, National Airs, &c. for the Violin.

CHAPPELL'S Popular Instruction Book for the Violin.

Flute.

CHAPPELL'S One Hundred Dances for the Flute. (Including some of the most popular Quadrilles, Polkas, Galops, &c. of Charles D'Albert).

CHAPPELL'S One Hundred Operatic Airs for the Flute.

CHAPPELL'S One Hundred Popular Songs, National Airs, &c. for the Flute.

CHAPPELL'S Popular Instruction Book for the Flute.

Cornet-a-Piston.

CHAPPELL'S Portfolio of National, Operatic, and Popular Melodies, easily arranged for the Cornet-à-Piston. Eighteen Numbers, each 1s.

Concertina.

CHAPPELL'S Instruction Book for the English Concertina, by Carlo Minasi.

CHAPPELL'S One Hundred Dances, arranged for the English Concertina, by Carlo Minasi.

THE NEW

ALEXANDRE HARMONIUM

FOR

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

ALEXANDRE and SON have just taken out a new Patent for the Drawing-Room Harmonium, which effects the greatest improvement they have *ever* made in the Instrument. The Drawing-Room Models will be found of a softer, purer, and in all respects more agreeable tone than any other instruments. They have a perfect and easy means of producing a diminuendo or crescendo on any one note or more; the bass can be perfectly subdued, without even the use of the Expression Stop, the great difficulty in other Harmoniums. To each of the New Models an additional blower is attached at the back, so that the wind can be supplied by a second person, and still, *under the New Patent*, the performer can play with perfect expression.

THE DRAWING-ROOM MODEL

IS MADE IN THREE VARIETIES:—

NO.		GUINEAS.
1.	THREE STOPS, Percussion Action, additional Blower, and in Rosewood Case - - - - - -	25
2.	EIGHT STOPS, Percussion Action, addditional Blower, and in Rosewood Case - - - - - -	35
3.	SIXTEEN STOPS, Percussion Action, additional Blower, Voix Céleste, &c. (*The best Harmonium that can be made*) - - - - - - - - -	60

CHAPPELL & CO. 49 & 50, NEW BOND STREET,

AND

13, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.